door of the cunning man *. And if any of them ſhould peruſe this work, I entreat them to anſwer to their own hearts the following queſtions, not forgetting that they are in the preſence of God.

Do you believe that there is but one God, and that he is powerful, wiſe, and good?

Do you believe that all things were created by him, and that all beings are dependent on him?

Do you rely on his wiſdom, ſo conſpicuous in his works, and in your own frame, and are you convinced that he has ordered all things which do not come under the cognizance of your ſenſes, in the ſame perfect harmony, to fulfil his deſigns?

Do you acknowledge that the power of looking into futurity, and ſeeing things that are not, as if they were, is an attribute of the Creator? And ſhould he, by an impreſſion on the minds of his creatures, think fit to impart to them ſome event hid in the ſhades of

* I once lived in the neighbourhood of one of theſe men, a *handſome* man, and ſaw with ſurpriſe and indignation, women, whoſe appearance and attendance beſpoke that rank in which females are ſuppoſed to receive a ſuperiour education, flock to his door.

time,

time yet unborn, to whom would the ſecret be revealed by immediate inſpiration? The opinion of ages will anſwer this queſtion—to reverend old men, to people diſtinguiſhed for eminent piety.

The oracles of old were thus delivered by prieſts dedicated to the ſervice of the God who was ſuppoſed to inſpire them. The glare of worldly pomp which ſurrounded theſe impoſtors, and the reſpect paid to them by artful politicians, who knew how to avail themſelves of this uſeful engine to bend the necks of the ſtrong under the dominion of the cunning, ſpread a ſacred myſterious veil of ſanctity over their lies and abominations. Impreſſed by ſuch ſolemn devotional parade, a Greek, or Roman lady might be excuſed, if ſhe enquired of the oracle, when ſhe was anxious to pry into futurity, or inquire about ſome dubious event: and her inquiries, however contrary to reaſon, could not be reckoned impious.—But, can the profeſſors of Chriſtianity ward off that imputation? Can a Chriſtian ſuppoſe that the favourites of the moſt High, the highly favoured, would be obliged to lurk in diſguiſe, and practiſe the moſt diſ-